

THE HONOLULU TIMES

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It does not seem a too reasonable argument to us, that one should fault the Catholic Church, "because Mass is said or sung, in a tongue not understood by the people."

If the ones that do not like that would spend their misspent time likely, for even a year or so, they could read the Latin of every prayer without referring to the English side of the prayer-book. Are there not "people" the world over that know not a line of English, also?

How many work hard, to acquire tongues for business, or social life? Is this not all true?

Do we not all know that Roosevelt and Taft in their friendship are like to Damon (not S. M.) and Pythias, and not to be separated?

Wa Laa, Vineyard and River, is more than likely the best laundryman we have known. We are glad to speak for his good work.

"THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

The Westmeath County Council has determined to restore the home of Oliver Goldsmith's boyhood at Lissoy, the modest mansion of "The Deserted Village," which for some time past has been in a ruinous condition.

Bishop Hughes's text was "Comfort one another," and he went on to say that we speak of a man as Godly or a God-like man or a Christ-like man; but, we were not won't to say: A Holy Spirit man. Christians should bear about with them a spiritual atmosphere, the spirit of the Holy Comforter, the Paraclete. So that men would feel, that a true Christian was really a comfort and a gentle blessing to those about him, without any seeming strain or undue effort on his part; that the subtle essence or perfume of his spirituality should be felt always; but, hardly to be defined. "Comfort one another."

Rev. McKeever said: "Although situated on a tiny spot of land in the mid-Pacific, yet we cling to the same cross and pray to the same Father. In coming to this little island Bishop Hughes, you are going to see a most wonderful conglomeration of people of almost every hue. God is no respecter of persons, all are equal in His sight. We do not welcome you because you are a man of learning, but because you are fighting on the side of righteousness."

Rev. J. W. Wadman said: "Although we are situated out in the mid-Pacific with many denominations represented here yet we do really dwell in harmony and peace."

We'll listen what Moore and Hughes will say tomorrow—Sunday.

Dr. Brinckerhoff will take chair at Cambridge about September, in the Harvard Medical School.

We do hope that Alexander Hume Ford will keep on walking and keep on writing for he is well-trained in both arts.

Here endeth the "notes" for April Times.

ROCKEFELLER.

Behind the incorporation of the Rockefeller Foundation, the bill for which has been introduced in the United States senate, is hidden the greatest plan for the systemization of charity in the history of the world. The vast wealth of the oil king, amassed through the many years of his active life, is to be devoted to charity in the broadest sense.

The chief almoner will be the one individual who, under the feudal law, would have had sole possession of this entire fortune, reputed in many quarters to equal the fabled wealth of the Indies—John D. Rockefeller, Jr., only son of the aged multimillionaire. The plans for the charity are vast. They will take in every field of human endeavor, and so sweeping are they that the benefactions from the money will continue for years, possibly for centuries.

In order to devote all of his time to the work planned by his father, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., whose bent has been more toward philanthropy

than toward business, is to retire from all of the big corporations in which, as his father's representative, he has been active in the past.

While none who enjoys the confidence of the oil king is prepared to tell just what will be the plan of the charity, examination of the proposed charter shows that "the object shall be to promote the well-being and to advance the civilization of the people of the United States and its territories and possessions and of foreign lands in the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge; in the prevention and relief of suffering and in the promotion of any and all of the efforts of human progress."

COMRADES.

I want to meet the Day
With gladness and a smile;
I want to keep the Way
With hopefulness the while;
I want to see the task
With clearness and delight,
All this I come to ask,
And sleep and peace at night.

I want to be content
And yet unsatisfied;
To do the things I meant
To do, or know I tried.
I want to see in dusk
And sunset's flaming fire
A beacon—not the husk
Of Day's unfilled desire.

Whoso may go my way
I want to walk with me;
To hope with if I may,
To pray with if need be.
Whoso may teach, to learn
Of him whereof I need,
Whoso may learn, to preach
Perhaps a better creed.

Whoso is weak, to bring
My strength where e'er he lies;
Whoso is strong, to cling
To him that I may rise.
Whoso may grieve, to brave
With him the quivering lip,
Whoso may smile, to crave
A joyous fellowship.

Will you not walk with me
Upon the way a while?
I crave your sympathy,
I offer you a smile.
The way be steep and long,
I ask to grasp your hand,
I offer you a song;
Will you not understand?

J. W. Foley.